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LETTERS

FROM

*P E R D I T A, &c.*

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]



XII

L. E. T. E. R. S.

T. O. M.

P. E. R. D. I. C.

P. E. T. E. R. S.



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L E T T E R S

F R O M

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P E R D I T A

T O A C E R T A I N

I S R A E L I T E,

A N D

*K. B. Mr. friend*

His A N S W E R S to them.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. FIELDING, No. 23, *Paternoster-Row*; W. KENT, No. 116,

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M DCC LXXXI.

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LETTERS

FROM

AND







# P R E F A C E.



T may be deemed necessary, that the Editor of these Letters should make some Apology for publishing the Correspondence of **PERDITA** and the **ISRAELITE**.—Women will exclaim against the Indelicacy of publishing private Letters, however obtained, and Men, who have any Turn for Gallantry, always express a Disapprobation of such a Measure.

It

It is certain, that Mrs. R—— wrote the Letters of FLORIZEL and PERDITA, to acquire that Notice and Popularity so requisite for the Prosecution of her Designs and Purposes; and that Mr. M—— only corrected and polished them by her Desire.

The general Object of this Publication is the same as was the *original* Intent of the *Society for checking and prosecuting S——*. This Species of Imposture has long infested Trade; it is interwoven with legal Forms and Processes; it has furnished Parliament both with ministerial Tools and patriotick Declaimers; but it remained for Mr. and Mrs. R—— to introduce it into the Traffick of Love:

The



The Reader will see, that the whole Transaction, referred to in the present Letters, was of that Species which has lately been denominated *S*——.

It is proper, the Publick should be aware, that whenever this amiable Pair design a Man the Honour of their Notice, they mean to sacrifice him as a Victim to their profligate and insatiable Avarice.

The Editor would abhor the Thoughts of publishing the Frailties of the Sex, but their fixed and pernicious Views are fair and necessary Matters of Animadversion.

C. A. F. A. C.

The Board of Directors of the

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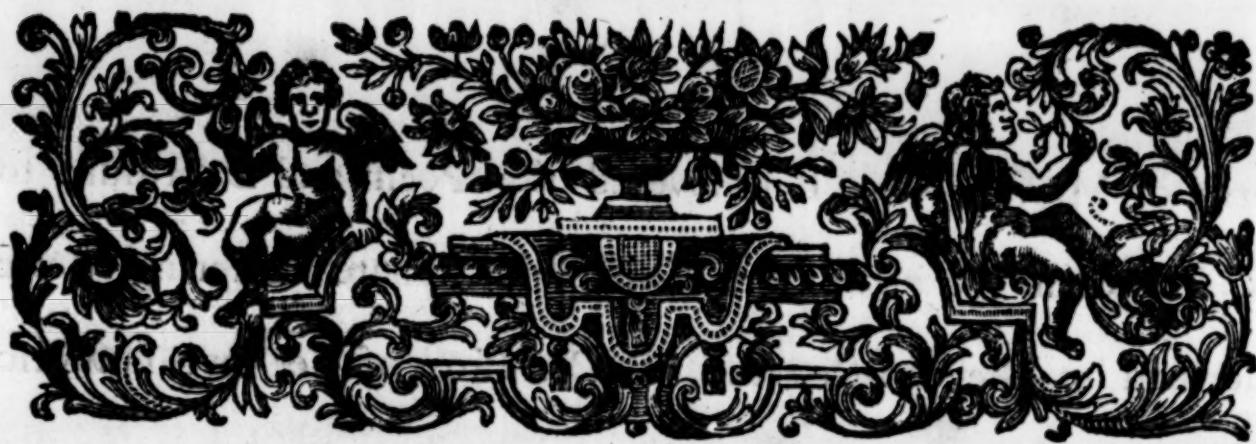
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# LETTERS from PERDITA

TO A CERTAIN

ISRAELITE,

And his ANSWERS to them.



POEM, which has lately made its Appearance,  
under the Title of FLORIZEL and PERDITA,  
and occasioned some Noise in the fashionable  
Circle, drew me, amongst many others, to its  
Perusal; but being acquainted with both the prosaic and poetic

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Stile

Stile of Mrs. R——, I discovered the Poem and Exordium to be her own Production, and that affectionate flattering Metre ascribed to the Prince, the vain Effusion of her own fantastic Imagination.

As the proemial Part to this Poem contains a pretended Narrative of her Life, it will not be improper to give a compendious impartial Sketch of it.

She was Daughter of a Captain Derby, of *Bristol*, who some Years ago died indigent; and finding no Likelihood of a comfortable Subsistence there, her Mother determined to see what *London* would produce. Mrs. R—— had from her Infancy discovered a Propensity to, and an Ability in the Drama; and by this Means she obtained an Introduction to Garrick, who was often for cherishing this Passion, where there were Hopes of Improvement: For sometime this Gentleman was her Patron; and R——, who lodged in the Vicinity, made his Addresses to her; he was

Clerk



Clerk to Mess. Vernon and Elderton, Attornies. He represented himself as the Nephew to a Mr. Harris, of *Carmarthenshire*, a Gentleman of 30,000*£*. to whom he was sole Heir, and that he now allowed him 500*£*. a Year. Mrs. R—— credited this Account; and though she thought him neither exalted enough to be her Lord, nor agreeable enough to engage her Affections, yet she was determined to enter into a Matrimonial Engagement with him, to secure a handsome Maintainance, and to be able to give a free Loose to that wanton restless Temper which it is necessary to restrain in a single State: They instantly took elegant Apartments, in *Great-Queen-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; but there, alas! all her golden Slumbers were broken, by the melancholy Discovery, that her deceitful Consort was nothing better than the illegitimate Offspring of a Taylor, formerly resident in *York-Buildings*, who, in the Hey-Day of his Blood, had been enamoured of his Jolly Landrefs, and from a reciprocal Embrace produced this Mongrel Pander. Her Mortification and Disappointment on this Discovery rendered her almost frantic for some Time; because the

Motive

Motive for which she married was hereby defeated, and her Pride received a mortal Stab by the Degradation of such a mean Alliance; yet notwithstanding he was illiterate and stupid, she found him forward and enterprizing; and seeing no favourable Alternative, she determined to abandon the Principles of a virtuous Education, and assist him in all his Stratagems, however fraudulent and however dangerous. This Resolution made, they soon created a formidable Confederacy; and with that View, they applied to every pecuniary Advertiser, and at length found a Person, who agreed to assist him with 1000*l*. upon a Bill of Sale of his Goods, and a Security on his reversionary Estates.

When the Day of Payment arrived, the credulous Lender discovered that R—— was but a Lodger, and consequently the Goods not his, and that the reversionary Estates were but the chimerical Creatures of their inventive Brains, generated by the stimulative Force of pungent Necessity. By various Arts and Means, they quieted the outrageous Lender for a Time, who  
would



would have commenced a criminal Prosecution, but that he knew by such Proceeding he should lose all his Money.

It would render this Publication too voluminous to recite the Diversity of Artifices, the ingenious Stratagems, the Deception and Fraud of their whole Negociation with this *devoted* Hebrew; suffice it to say, that in the Sequel, he lost Principal and Interest. Yet such was the Ingenuity of my Heroine (for *she* always designed, it was *her* prolific Brain that formed the Schemes, though the other appeared in the Execution) that they found Tradesmen to furnish in a compleat and magnificent Manner a handsome House in *Hatton-Garden*; this afforded them fresh Means to borrow Money: Here he assumed the Character of a Merchant, and in Conjunction with a dreadful Set of Colleagues (who were the chief Inventors of the Art of Swindling, which then was but in its Infancy) they found Means to raise immense Quantities of Goods on the Credit of foreign Letters, which they

C

had

had transmitted them for the Purpose, from *Holland, Ostend* and *France*.

These Transactions for a considerable Time succeeded wonderfully; they invented new Modes of Dissipation, they wallowed in all the Luxury which their nefarious Conduct so amply afforded them.—Wealth thus acquired generally dissipates in the most profligate Manner.

At every fashionable Place of Resort, they appeared as brilliant as any in the Circle; the Extravagance of the Diversions was no Check to their Vanity. At a Masquerade one Evening, she was noticed by Lord Lyttleton, Lord Valencia, and Lord Northington; her Pride was highly gratified to be distinguished by Three such fashionable Noblemen; and that an Acquaintance so fortunately begun should not be lost, she wrote the following Note to each Gentleman the next Day. “ My Lord, a Lady in  
“ the Character of an Orange Girl, that had the Honour of  
“ being



“ being distinguished by your Lordship last Night, at the Masquerade, was a Mrs. R——, of *Hatton-Garden*, who will esteem herself further honoured, if your Lordship should condescend to favour her with a Visit.”—On this singular Invitation, the Gentlemen came, and paid their respective Addresses to her; but it was the *intrepid persevering* Lord Lyttleton that most succeeded, it was the Splendor of his Equipage that seduced her vain Heart, till at length his Familiarity with her became the Topic of the whole Town. They were continually together at every Place of Amusement; and the Husband trudged after them, as stupid and as tranquil as any Brute of the cornuted Creation.

They were frequently in a Carriage, with the Blinds up, and Mr. R—— a Mile or Two behind on Horseback; so far was he from taking Umbrage at this Intimacy, that he continually boasted among his Acquaintance, the Superiority of his Connections, and his Wife's Ascendency over every fashionable Gallant.

While

While his pretended mercantile Transactions were carrying on, a Mr. Watkinson, a particular Friend of his, who was privy to the Arcana of all his Business, thought it no Crime to apply a little Money to his own Use; for which Freedom however, R—— took him before Sir John Fielding; but the Fellow proceeded to make such Discoveries, that his Prosecutor would have been detained, if Lord Lyttleton had not interposed, and assured the Magistrate, that mere Malevolence could be the only Motive for the Fellow's Insolence; that Mr. R—— was really the Nephew of a Mr. H——, of *Wales*, a Gentleman of very considerable Fortune, to whom he was Heir. This Interference saved R——; and W—— was remanded for further Examination. Fortunately for R—— the Man died suddenly, and prevented a very disagreeable Exposure. At length illnatured Rumour, that is constantly spreading its obnoxious Breath, and by its invidious Insinuations spoiling the Intrigues of Love, whispered in the Ears  
of



of Lord L——, that his new Associate was but the Progeny of a Taylor, and that he and his fair One would perpetually extort Money from him, while he kept up such a disgraceful and destructive Intimacy: On this Remonstrance, he suddenly deserted his prodigal Inamorata, after paying *profusely* for his Acquaintance. Thus forsaken, and detected in all his other Schemes, the Husband took refuge in the Fleet, immured within whose gloomy Walls they pined out Fifteen Months in Abstemiousness and Contrition, where her *constrained Constancy* gave birth to a Female Babe, distorted and crippled from the tight contracted fantastic Dress of her conceited Mother. From this Confinement they were enfranchised by an Insolvent Act, after long following the Practice of professing Love to those *who admired her*, while *he* took the Liberty of borrowing a little Money, which for his Facility of Temper, they could not refuse him. He listened to the Intimations of his Wife's Genius, and she had Recourse to the Stage; there she displayed some little Abilities: In this Situation, she amused herself with composing Sonnets,

D

Panegyrics,

Panegyrics, Acrosticks, and various other Compositions, *in Favour of herself*. The little Arts she adopted, the Vanity she displayed, to acquire Popularity, is inconceivable.

Amidst her numerous Adventures, she for a long Time feigned a Passion for a certain Descendant of Israel, with whom she kept a long and spirited Correspondence. She was then Nineteen, and *he* near Twenty-one Years of Age: The Letters between them will constitute the principal Materials of this Pamphlet. The Author is so well acquainted with her Temper, and Stile of Writing, together with other Circumstances, that have fallen in his Way, that he can pronounce, without Hesitation, Florizel and Perdita to be all her own Production, revised and bettered by some more correct and able Pen. The Elegance of Mind, that in the Preface she so much vaunts of, belongs not to Mrs. R——, unless an inordinate Passion for Apparel and Gewgaws constitute *Elegance*. Her literary Talents never extended beyond a very humble Imitation



tion of Shenstone's Poems; in every Language, Art and Science, she is a perfect Ignoramus; and those affluent honourable Relations of hers in *Italy* consist only of an indigent Brother, Clerk to Mess. —. She was never out of *England*, though she ascribes to Italian Seminaries the finishing of her Education. Her aspiring Spirit breathes through every Syllable of this Pamphlet too conspicuously for Concealment, if that was her Aim; but in no Part more obviously, and more insolently, than where she dares to threaten an Exposure of Florizel's Epistles, if ever he forsakes her: Thus she attempts to secure by Menace, what she knows her mercenary Soul would soon forfeit.

She arrogates too a Skill in Politics, and declares, that the P—— is entirely guided by the Sentiments he has imbibed from her: If he has really been so apt a Scholar, when he ascends the T——, we shall have a *prostituted* Government. She announces to the World the Blessings we may expect from the Reign of a P——, tutored by such a Mistress, who, while she imparts Pleasure, gives

Instruction.

Instruction. I know the Rudiments of her Politicks, and if he submits to her Tuition, she will soon render him sordid, ambitious, indecent and deceitful: If she can inculcate any good Principle or Disposition, I beg pardon for never having observed it in her Vocabulary.



LETTER



LETTER I.

Mrs. R—— to ——, Esq;

*Bristol, 21<sup>st</sup> Sept. 1773.*

S I R,

I Never deemed myself happier, than I found myself those few Days you accompanied us upon the Road; indeed your Company, from the first Moment of our Acquaintance, has been so agreeable, that I scarcely know how to spare you. Shall we expect you at *Bristol*? Write me soon; write the Style you know I like; let it be plaintive; sooth the Wanderings of my pensive Breast.

*Your humble Servant,*

M. H. R——.

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Mr.

## Mr. —'s Answer to Mrs. R—.

—Street, Sept. 24, 1773.

I Thank you for your warm Epistle, and wish it was really as sincere as it appears to be; but I know you volatile and dissembling, and therefore construe it as the inadvertent Sally of a sprightly Temper: To believe you were in earnest would be a Vanity, that nothing in me could warrant. I know how justly you are the Object of every One's Admiration; and amidst such a Crowd of Wooers, how should I aspire to Distinction! Believe me, among a Thousand Imperfections, Vanity makes no Part of the Character of

*Your devoted Servant.*

LETTER



L E T T E R II.

Mrs. R—— to Mr. ——.

*Bristol, 29th Sept. 1773.*

W I T H Pleasure I take this Opportunity of answering my worthy Friend's obliging Epistle. R—— is not yet gone to *Wales*, but as he will go soon, it makes me uneasy; you know *how I love him*, therefore will excuse my mentioning him. The Weather is extremely fine, and nothing but your Company is wanted to enliven the Place. We hope by this Time you have seen dear little George, and that he is well. You cannot conceive with what Regret we parted with you at *Oxford*; the Three last Days were not spent half so agreeable as the first. I am quite ashamed of this intolerable Scroll, but I hope you will pardon it, for I am fatigued almost to Death. Mrs. Darby begs her Respects.

*Your Friend,*

A N C I E N T

## A N S W E R.

—Street, 1<sup>st</sup> October, 1773.

WHEN the Post brings me a Letter from you, I am delighted beyond Expression. Just when yours of the 29<sup>th</sup> came, I was poring over a gloomy Author, till his Pages had rendered his Reader almost as melancholy as himself; but when I saw your well known Hand, like a lucid Interval darting amidst the nocturnal Gloom of Despondency, every Cloud was dispelled, every Vapour dissipated; and I resumed my wonted Cheerfulness and Gaiety.—But pray never write me, while R——'s impertinent Eye follows your Pen; such a formal lukewarm Letter chills my Blood more than the bleak northern *January* Winds. If you knew what Effect your Letters had on me, you would be cautious how you wrote; my Heart is the exact

Barometer



Barometer to every Sentence, and I am either elevated or depressed as they encourage or check me. Once in a gay happy Moment you said you loved me; it is well I do not believe you, for my Joy, that would have heightened to Phrensy, is thereby kept within the proper Limits of Moderation.

*Adieu!*



LETTER III.

Mrs. R— to Mr. —.

Bristol, 7th October, 1773.

Dear S I R,

I Wish you were sincere in what you say, I do not think you are, but still I believe myself happy in your good Opinion; you treat me so much in a Style of Compliment, that I really do not know in what Manner to return it; you express so much Friendship, that the hardest Task, I ever undertook in my whole Life, is how to return Thanks suitable to the Favours I have received from you; and the inward Sense I have of them, could I do either, would in some Measure satisfy me, but my Inability renders me presumptuous in attempting it.

I long



I long to be in Town. Do not forget our intended Party to *Drury-Lane* Theatre; you know I am passionately fond of Plays, and I was going to say, I envy you, but Envy I detest; you know, my dear Friend, when once it prevails in a Female Bosom, all earthly Happiness is for ever poisoned by its Influence. We are not all born to be happy, therefore I think the greatest Proof that those who are indigent can give of a virtuous Mind, is to submit to the Dispensations of Providence with Resignation; not that I think Generosity consists in throwing Money away at Random, without Distinction or Judgment, but in bestowing it in proportion to the Merit and Condition of those who stand in need of our Assistance. I agree with my favourite Author, who says, in Trust, Intimacy and Confidence, be as particular as you can; in Humanity, Charity and Benevolence, universal. I shall depend on your Promise this Week, for I am really distressed.

*Your Friend.*

A N S W E R.

## A N S W E R.

**M**ORALITY is that great fundamental Tie that forms and preserves the Peace and Welfare of Society. As it was impossible to confine Men in a State of Nature and Innocence, it became necessary to frame a System that should secure their respective Properties, and restrain the Iniquitous from Mischief. From the same Doctrine are we taught the Necessity of Gratitude, the Amiability of Benevolence, filial Piety, fraternal Affection, and all the other Virtues; but while Men speculate on the *Theory* of these Principles, you shew by *Example* what they give in *Precept*; while you follow the Dictates of your own Mind, you will ever be that pure lovely Innocent: I have hitherto found you. Ethicks can teach no more than your own Feelings already suggest: Resist the Solicitations of Pride and Allurements of Grandeur; Fortune deceives the Eye by its extrinick



extrinſick Adornments, but Happineſs is not always derived from its Attainments; an immoderate Propenſity to acquire it will lead you to Indifcretion, and expoſe you to the deſtructive Stratagems of ſome libidinous Profligate. That fair youthful Frame is ſuch an Invitation to Love, as no moral or platonic Tenets can reſtrain. How I pant to be at *Briſtol*, to accompany you through the verdant Meads to the Side of ſome Silver Stream, flow wandering in Meanders down the Glade, or to the cool Receſs of a ſhady Grove, where every Gale whiſpers Pleaſure, Contentment and Love! Your Breath will add new Fragrance to the Amaranth; the Roſe will receive a deeper Hue from the Reflection of thoſe florid Tincts that adorn thy blooming Cheeks, while you melt my Soul to all the ſoft Attainments of Love; but whither do I ſtray! thoſe romantick viſſionary Scenes that delighted my youthful Fancy become not the Seriousneſs of maturer Years; but the Thought of you revives the dying Embers of my once warm Imagination; and I wander as wildly as if I trod on Fairy Land.

*Adieu! Be ever happy as you are good.*

Incloſed 50 $\text{£}$ .

G

L E T T E R



## L E T T E R IV.

Mrs. R—— to Mr. ——.

Bristol, 14th October, 1773.

I Wish you would not write, for while you endeavour to inculcate such good Doctrine, you know I am charmed by your Letters to a Sin. How can I love that stupid Thing R——! yet I am his, Fortune has made it so; but I cannot think I am bound to abide strictly by an Engagement that I was trepanned into, for you know he *deceived* me. Shall I ever write as well as you do? I am fond of Poetry, and you shall correct some Attempts in that Way, when I come to *London*. My Friend, you know I esteem you: Is it a Crime to say I *love* you? I feel an Inclination to love Somebody; and how can I love him who is too stupid to return it? Why then, I will love you. Write again, write every Evening, or I shall be melancholy.

A N S W E R.



## A N S W E R.

W HATEVER you write, which you wish me to revise, may receive some unimportant Alteration in the formal Mode of Grammar and Orthography; but in Sprightliness, Wit and Genius, I cannot keep pace with you. Would you believe Miss — is false, she is capricious beyond Measure. I am quite chagrined, not that we are at Variance, but that there should be so much Deception in Women; indeed I ought not to confine it solely to your Sex, for there is as much Duplicity in ours; in all the Intercourses I have hitherto had, I have found, that Men, in whatever Situations of Life, cannot be just to their Professions; every Day produces fresh Instances of their Insincerity; that sublime Friendship, which every one extols and professes, is but a mere Idea, and can exist no where but in an overheated romantick Imagination: To form this Union, such moral Virtue,

Warmth



Warmth of Affection, and Disinterestedness, must cement the reciprocal Attachment, as cannot be found in this degenerate Age: The chimerical Enthusiast therefore, that is so credulous to listen to its insidious Professions, deserves the Disappointment and Ingratitude he meets with; the Dissembler is hid under its Mask, and can better contrive Mischief, as he is unsuspected. The Ancients had loftier Notions of this Passion than we seem to understand; it flourished when Truth and Simplicity of Manners adorned the Age; but the Introduction of Politeness has taught Dissimulation, and, in refining our Manners, abolished that plain Honesty and candid Sincerity, which characterized our Ancestors. I will not think you sincere, when you say you love; yet if you are not in earnest, you have given *too serious* a Testimony of it for one only *in Joke*; but it is almost Blasphemy to suspect one of such heavenly Form, so beautiful, such Symmetry of Features, such delicate wellformed Limbs, such panting snowy Breasts, such——Oh! what *Raptures* ineffable seize my *delighted Imagination*, when I *recollect* the *delirious Transports* that  
throbbed



throbbed to my very Soul, when that beauteous Form stood confessed in all the resistless Power of—*Nakedness*. I must stop till my *enraptured* Fancy returns from the *ecstasick* Thought. If you are insincere, why did Nature make you so fair, why did she exhaust her whole Store in the Formation of the *minute* Parts? Was it, that in such an heavenly Semblance you might *trepan* and *madden infatuated* Mortals? Falsehood, Moroseness and Rancour, should be enveloped in Ruggedness, Loathsomeness and Deformity. Where is Nature's Ingenuity, when she forms a Creature of divine Aspect, and enwraps a Soul darker than Erebus, and more poisonous than Aconite? Consistency, Uniformity and Order, seem all lost; and our bewildered disappointed Imagination, incapable of exploring her Mysteries, sinks back into Confusion and Doubt; but there is no perfect Sincerity nor Truth; and Morality is only a System from whence Precepts are given, which are never followed.

H

LETTER

LETTER V.

Mrs. R— to Mr. —.

*Bristol, 23d October, 1773.*

ONCE more I resume my Pen to write a few Lines to our very worthy Friend, whose present disagreeable State of Mind, concerning a *certain* Lady, I sincerely pity; but think your good Sense, joined to such honourable and just Sentiments towards the Sex in general, must guide your Steps: You are alone able to judge whether she deserves your Friendship or not. I am sincerely sorry that we cannot have the Pleasure of your good Company at *Bristol*, for, believe me, I promised myself that Honour; as in reality I am exceedingly melancholy, I thought that your Presence would in a great Measure alleviate my Sorrow:

If



If I am worthy to advise, still give us Hopes of seeing you. I am a little surprized, that you, who have seen so much of this deceitful World, can suffer your Resolution to be changed at the Artifice of any Individual whatever. I must scold you very severely for your very harsh Sentiments in your last Letter, which are as follow: Men in whatever Situations of Life cannot be just to their Professions: Are we poor Women likewise ranked amongst the Infincere, and does Mr. ——— imagine the Sentiments our Family have expressed are false? Are you at Enmity with all? I hope not: I detest the Idea of being so deceitful, nay ungrateful, as to express any Thing I do not mean; consequently would ever avoid the like towards you; *you*, whom we all esteem so sincerely. Your Thoughts on Friendship are very different from mine at present, and believe you have not a little hurt me; however your next, I hope, will explain it more fully. *Adieu!*— I suppose you are better engaged than in reading my nonsensical Scroll.

*Yours sincerely.*

*P. S.*

P. S. The Inclosed Mr. R—— left; I take the liberty of  
 sending it, as I am rather short; the sooner you oblige me, the  
 greater the Favour: I shall hope for an Answer from my dear  
 Friend as soon as possible.

*Adieu!* Men in whatever situations of life cannot be  
 just to their Profections: Are we poor Women likewise ranked  
 amongst the innocents, and does Mr. ——— imagine the senti-



ments our Family have ever felt? Are you at present  
 with all I hope to be so? I am  
 ungrateful, as to  
 would ever avoid  
 to yourself. Your T  
 from mine in present, and believe me I have not a little heart  
 however your next, I hope, will explain it more fully. —

I suppose you are better engaged than in reading my manuscript  
 I am, &c.

ANSWER.



## A N S W E R.

—Street, 1<sup>st</sup> November, 1773.

**I** Would willingly suffer some Inconvenience to be pitied by you; but can you think the Fickleness of Miss — mortifies me? While *you* are constantly affectionate, I can view the rest of your Sex with total Indifference; all my Pleasures, all my Happiness centre in you; *entwined* in those snowy Arms, reposed on thy *panting* Bosom, grateful to the Senses as Fragrance, and more *fair* than Parian Marble, thy every Look *animates* my Soul; every Action indicates the *mystic* Meaning of thy *wanton* Love, till my *melting* Senses are drowned in *delicious* Transports, and that Elifium is realized, which superstitious Mahometans but fancy. You press me to come to *Bristol*; I cannot leave *London*; confined to the sordid Traffick of the

I

Age,

Age, I am doomed a perpetual Prisoner to the Metropolis; but you will soon come to *London*, and recompense this long Separation by *tender Endearments*, *amorous Dalliance* and *inventive Enjoyments*; thy mellifluous Strains will again sooth my anxious Breast, and thy *magick Touch* will again throw me into a *Delirium of Ecstasy*. Oh! when, when, thou Wanderer, will this happy Moment arrive? When I was a Stranger to Love, I smiled at the romantick Notions of my Associates; but ensnared in the same enchanting Net, my wild Fancy raves with all the Ardour of Juvenile Vehemence. I would retire with you to some rural sequestered Spot, and prefer the jocund Hours of Love and Temperance, in an humble Cottage, to stately Mansions and unsalutary Dainties.

You little Prodigal, you have spent 200*l.* in Six Weeks: I will not answer your Drafts.

LETTER



LETTER VI.

Mrs. R—— to Mr. ——.

*Bristol, 9th November, 1773.*

SINCE I wrote my last Letter, I received one from my dear Mr. R——, wherein he desired me to inform you, that if you please to answer my Drafts, he shall not want his till he returns to *London*; the Money I can assure you is for me, and I really shall find it extremely welcome as soon as you can conveniently send it. He intends sending for me to stay a few Days in *Wales*. *Tuesday* last he set out for *Carmarthenshire*, where he intends staying a Week; therefore I shall not flatter myself with the Hopes of seeing him till this Day Se'nnight. I hope to  
be

be in *London* in Three Weeks at farthest; and, believe me, I shall be infinitely happy in seeing you, and every other Person, who is as worthy the Title of Friend as yourself, though I really believe there are very few. Mr. R—— has received my Letter since I wrote my last, in answer to yours; which I assure you gives me no small Satisfaction. We are all perfectly well, and sincerely hope you are the same. Permit me to assure you, that I am, with great Respect,

*Your most obedient*

Excuse Haste.

*humble Servant.*

ANSWER.



## A N S W E R.

—Street, 16th November, 1773.

**I** Can scarcely credit my Senses: Is it you that write in that cold indifferent Style?—What can be the Motive? How have I offended?—Surely you will not condemn me without a Hearing; beware how you discard me; you may find a Lover more agreeable, but never one so faithful: Have I not watched your varying Humour, the Transitions of your fickle Temper? Have I not gratified them all to the utmost of my Ability? I have known you warm and impetuous, but never deceitful and ungenerous; pray Heaven you may never learn to be so. Avidity of Wealth and Sordidness of Temper seldom infect the youthful Mind; they grow in the venal Souls of Age and Decripitude;

K

and

and such is human Depravity, that we are more eager to acquire, as we are less swayed by Temptation. The avaricious Wretch, whose *Taste* is *vitiated*, hoards up the Wealth to rust in mouldy Coffers, which his niggard Soul cannot enjoy; but the *untainted Breast*, warm in Dissipation, and Youth, cannot harbour such a *selfish mercenary* Disposition: Why then this *inordinate* Desire of Money? Your Letters are unremitting Series of Drafts on me; my Inability to satisfy them cannot be the Motive of *this strange Transition*. What else torments my fair One's Breast? You know I am all on *fire*, and your *lute-warm* Strain is colder to me than *Lapland Blasts*; resume your usual Ardour, or I shall die with Grief: Or say what envious Demon, with poisonous Tongue, has slandered my Love? Point out the Calumniator, that I may revenge the Anxiety he has occasioned me: Or is my Love *inconstant*? If some *other* happy Youth has attracted your wandering Eye, tell me my Doom, and I will seek for Tranquillity and more Sincerity, in the Caresses of some *less treacherous* fair One: Or does Remorse and Contrition seize your *deluded* Heart,

and



and carry you back to the insipid Embraces of Insensible R——?  
 The false Lure, by which he ensnared thy unwary Heart, deserves  
 the most rigid Resentment, and his unmanly Duplicity absolves  
 all conjugal Attachment: How shall such an *unsusceptible*  
 Wretch return *thy Affections*? How can such *Insensibility* find  
 equal Ardour to meet *thy ravishing* Embrace? How shall such  
*Stupidity* comprehend the *Mysteries* of thy *ingenuous* Love, a  
 contemptible Idiot, whose Existence is one continued Scene of  
 Dulness, Languor and Torpitude?

*Yours, &c.*

LETTER

## L E T T E R VII.

Mrs. R—— to Mr. ——.

Bristol, 23d November, 1773.

I Find you have not yet answered my Draft. I do not wish an Acquaintance with any Man who professes so much Love, but who gives so little Proof of it. I wish I could recall those imprudent Moments, when I suffered your *deluding* Promises, and *seductive* Tongue, to betray me into Sin; but unless you give me the Token of your Sincerity that I ask for, I will take care how I trust you again. I am astonished that you should scruple to lend me such a Sum as 100*l*. when it was the last I should borrow, and should have repaid it faithfully. Now you have an Opportunity of shewing your Love, or I shall see that you have all along deceived me.

Yours, &amp;c.

A N S W E R.



## A N S W E R.

—Street, 30th November, 1773.

AS when the incapable Pilot fees his agitated Bark tossed in a tempestuous Sea, and expects with Terror the dreadful End of the impending Mischief; even so, have I seen the Storm gathering from afar, till, incapable of longer Diffimulation, you have at length corroborated all my Fears. Of all the *Passions* none is *more odious* than *Avarice*; it is the *Rust* of the Soul from *worn-out* Enjoyments, and accompanies the acrimonious Approach of Age and debilitated Appetite: Nature prompts us to *Society* and *Benevolence*, while that sordid Disposition counteracts its Dictates, and centers the whole Concern of our Existence in *Self-Love*.

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How

How lamentable must it be to see *thy blooming Cheeks poi-soned* by its Influence, and implanted with a *livid Hue*, the distinguishing *Index* of a *sordid* Mind; it is the greatest *Antidote* to *Love*; and the *impassioned* Heart, fraught with its *Fire*, shrinks back and shudders at the sordid Embrace of the *mercenary* Female, whose only Desire is *Wealth*, whose only Love is a Gratification of a *venal Passion*: It is such an Allay to Love as would defeat the Power of the most heavenly Charms, and cool the *Ardour* of the most *licentious* Passion. The Professions, which I deemed the Redundancy of a *grateful* Heart, were but the *Dalilean* Artifices that lulled me to Credulity, while Diffimulation practised its Treachery; till my Senses, roused from their slumbering Incantation, feel the Indignity my Confidence has exposed me to. You are a Stranger to Sincerity, that great Band of mutual Intercourse, that Foundation of mutual Dependence. Every Consideration of *Love* and *Friendship* gives way to *Ambition* and sordid *Avarice*: How often have I warned you of their growing Influence, and predicted the fatal Consequences

that



that would attend such an insatiable Pursuit of them! But every Remonstrance is vain; every Admonition fruitless; the moderate Dictates of Reason are no Restraints to your *Vanity*; nothing can circumscribe your *Ambition*. Will not *Affectation* and *Vanity*, will not that *impetuous headstrong* Ambition at length involve you in Danger and Embarrassment? Ingratitude is the blackest Crime that the human Heart can be guilty of; it destroys Trusts and hinders Acts of Benevolence: If my *Liberality* could not engage your Affections, it was entitled to *Acknowledgement*.

F I N I S.





1843

that would attend such an insupportable burden! But every  
Remembrance is vain; every Administration is finite; the  
Dignity of Reason and the Rights of Man; nothing can  
circumscribe your Freedom. Will not Virtue and Liberty  
will not that impotent feeling which at length invades  
you in Danger and Distress? It is the blackest  
Crime that the human mind is capable of; it is to  
and hinders Acts of Benevolence; it is to  
engage your Affections; it was entitled to your sympathy.



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